

NOVEMBER 25, 1934

GUEST, MRS. RUTH BRYAN OWEN

WJZAMERICAN-BOSCH RADIO EXPLORER'S CLUB(5:30 - 5:45 P.M.)NOVEMBER 25, 1934SUNDAY(SIGNATURE - "SAILOR'S HORNPIPE" ACCORDION)OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Presenting ... the weekly meeting of the American-Bosch
Radio Explorer's Club!

(SIGNATURE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Come sail the Seven Seas with us!

(WIND AND WAVE EFFECTS)

Explore the wild jungles of Africa!

(JUNGLE EFFECTS)

Visit the cannibal countries!

(TOM TOMS)

Circle the globe with the American-Bosch
Round-the-World Radio!

(GUST OF WIND)

CAPT. BARKER: Ahoy there, boys and girls! This is Captain James P. Barker speaking. Rouse out Mother and Dad for today's muster of the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club. Through the courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History we have with us a most distinguished lady - the Honorable Ruth Bryan Owen, American Minister to Denmark. A little later on Mrs. Owen will tell us about Greenland Eskimos and their dogs.

Speaking of dogs reminds me of the mascot of my old ship, the Tusitala - a little mongrel the sailors christened Prince.

Some five years ago, the Tusitala was lying in Baltimore, Maryland. The sailmaker, old Ed Karlson, went ashore for a spree. As he was returning to the ship around 3 o'clock in the morning a strange sound caused him to glance toward a deep snow drift near the pier-head.

He paused, and the sound came again -- a pitiful whine. In a moment old Ed was on his knees near that drift, where he found a little dog half-buried in the snow and only a few minutes later the little fellow was eating salt-beef in the cheery glow of the galley fire. When Karlson left the Tusitala, a young seaman named Wilson took charge of Prince.

(MORE)

(CAPT BARKER - CONTINUED)

One evening I heard a frightened bark and the yells of several men on deck. Rushing outside I called out: "What's the trouble there, men?" "Prince is overboard!" they answered. "Wilson jumped in after him!" Wilson braved pneumonia and possible death to save Prince. That was in 1929. Then in 1931 she was tied up in New York and Wilson left the ship for good... Prince never got over it. A few weeks later he disappeared and never again was his cheery barking heard on the Tusitala's decks.

Well, now, I know you're all eager to hear from our famous and charming guest - The Honorable Ruth Bryan Owen -- So here's Hans Christian Adamson, who will interview Mrs. Owen -- Mr. Adamson.

ADAMSON: There must be a great many things you'd like to tell us about Greenland, Mrs. Owen, but perhaps you'd like to begin with a very popular subject -- the husky Greenland sled-dogs.

MRS. OWEN: Indeed, I would. During August and September of this year I had a wonderfully interesting 1,000 mile trip to Greenland. And I was particularly interested in the sledge dogs in the northern part.

ADAMSON: Are the sled-dogs only in the north of Greenland?

MRS. OWEN: Yes. In the southern part, where there are a few flocks of sheep and some domestic animals, they can't have these half-wild creatures, for they would eat all the other animals if they could get away with it.

(MORE)

(MRS. OWEN - CONTINUED)

They'd eat their boats, too, which are made of skins, their own harness -- yes -- and even the leather thongs that bind the sleds together. That's why the boats and sleds are kept on high platforms in Northern Greenland, so that the huskies can't eat them.

ADAMSON: These dogs don't sound much like domestic animals.

MRS. OWEN: They're domestic in the sense that horses are.

They pull the sleds, but they're certainly not treated as we're accustomed to treating dogs, as companions and personal friends. It gave me a little shock to learn that the dogs are not fed during the summer, but have to forage for their own feed like any other wild animals.

ADAMSON: But how about the winter, Mrs. Owen?

MRS. OWEN: Oh, then every man feeds his team. You know, dog-team owners tell me a remarkable change comes over these dogs -- In the summer you see them roaming about with ragged-looking coats, quarreling over any little scraps of food they find. But in the winter they become quiet different animals when the teams begin their work. They feel their own importance when sledding-time begins.

ADAMSON: Did you get acquainted with any of these dogs?

MRS. OWEN: I got to know one of them very well, indeed, for I brought a 6-weeks old puppy from the north of Greenland back to America.

(MORE)

(MRS. OWEN - CONTINUED)

I found that, though he and his family had never been brought into a house, or been petted, this little fellow with his furry coat -- like a bear -- and his wolflike face, became the most engaging and affectionate dog possible in a little while.

ADAMSON: I understand that these sled-dogs have a very distinct social system of their own.

MR. OWEN: Indeed they have. They recognize only two overlords. One -- their human owner, the other -- the leader of their pack. These leaders are called King-dogs, or Boss-dogs. And it is a good title, for they rule the pack with an iron will. In fact, most of the dogs have as much respect for their four-legged bosses as for their human masters. They get the best food and the warmest place to sleep.

ADAMSON: Well, a King-Dog must lead the life of Reilly.

But what is there about him that makes him boss?

MRS. OWEN: Why, the same traits that make leaders in any field -- courage and brains. But that's not enough. He must also have strength, because King-dogs often have to keep their packs under control with tooth and claw. To remain King, the Boss-dog must be able to whip any dog in the pack. The minute he's defeated, his rule is over. I was told of cases where beaten King-dogs have crawled away and grieved themselves to death.

ADAMSON: From what you say, I gather some of these canine kings are rather tyranical. Do the other dogs stand for that kind of treatment?

MRS. OWEN: They usually accept the boss's rule without question. But sometimes when the Boss becomes too much of a four-legged Simon Legree the dogs will get together and decide that things have gone too far. Then the pack takes things into its own hands.

ADAMSON: And the king isn't king any more!

MRS. OWEN: He certainly is not. Out of the pack will rise a new leader, who, from a democratic team-mate, will change immediately into an autocratic despot with all the powers of a medieval king.

ADAMSON: But hasn't the man who owns the pack anything to say about who is to be boss?

MRS. OWEN: If he is a good picker of dogs - yes. But a team does not recognize a Boss-dog merely because its human master says so. Although I know of one particular case in which a dog became king because his owner picked him out.

ADAMSON: That sounds like an interesting story. Won't you give us the details.

MRS. OWEN: I will, so far as I am able. It happened in Godhavn, a small settlement on the west coast of Greenland several hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle.

(CONT. OVER)

CONT: As I landed from the boat, I saw seven dogs caper around a boulder on which sat a big dog with the black fur of a bear and the hard, yellow eyes of the wolf. Anyone could see that the dogs playing around him were trying to win his attention, but the Boss-dog on the boulder didn't even look at them. He just sat there and seemed extremely bored. But his boredom vanished when some other dogs rushed along the beach. His ears shot forward, he got up and growled deeply. They were off and away in less time than it takes a husky to wag its tail.

ADAMSON: That old King must have had quite a reputation.

MRS. OWEN: That is just what I am coming to. He wasn't old. He had been king less than six months and he had been elevated to the throne, not by his fellow-dogs, but by his human master. This is how I got the story---One morning last winter, the owner discovered that the old leader of this dog team had died. This was a great shock, for the old dog had been a faithful and able leader. Now--dog teams cannot function without a leader, and he faced the problem of getting a new one. He thought things over and decided that a young black dog in his pack would fill the bill. He went and got him, and showed him the body of the dead leader. The youngster sniffed at his former ruler and evidently understood what it was all about, because when he returned to the pack he wasted no time in showing who was boss. And that was the dog I saw on the boulder.

ADAMSON: Smart dog - but from what you said a moment ago, I gather that the hudkies are not on intimate terms with their human masters.

MRS. OWEN: They aren't. In fact, I was warned to carry a stick when I went off the main path in a village.

ADAMSON: Do you mean that some of these dogs are actually dangerous?

MRS OWEN Sometimes they are. And especially so when they are hungry. I heard some gruesome stories about what had happened to human beings who had been attacked by dogs. As a matter of fact, I met a woman who is getting a pension from the Danish Government because her husband was killed by sled-dogs. Maulings are not uncommon, and the rule of the North is to shoot the whole pack, if any of its members have tasted human blood.

ADAMSON But why shoot the whole pack? If they want to punish anyone, why not kill the dog that did the biting and let it go at that?

MRS OWEN Well - there is a very good reason. They're not shot for punishment - but because, if one member of a pack has attacked a human being, none of the other dogs can be trusted after that.

ADAMSON Well, I think I would rather go by train, truck or trolley than by dog-sled.

MRS OWEN You mustn't be too hard on those dogs. They may not be pet dogs or stay at your heel when you go for a walk, but they have built monuments to all of dogdom in what they have done to push civilization far into the north. Life in the north is hard for man or dog. Food is scarce and famine is often just around the corner.

(CONTINUED OVER)

MRS OWEN

(CONTINUES)

They are strong and brave and dependable in their work.

ADAMSON

Well if food is scarce - what do those dogs live on?

MRS OWEN

Oh - in the winter - when they work - their masters feed them dried fish or dried whale meat. But in the summer - when they are idle they pick up scraps of whale and seal meat or chunks of fish.

ADAMSON

And do even young dogs take part in this battle for existence?

MRS OWEN

Yes, young dogs too -- even puppies. Why, I shall never forget one tiny little fellow, so small that he could hardly walk -- who staggered out of a hole under a lumber pile where his half-wild mother had borne him. The puppy followed its mother down to the beach where he began to chew on a fish head that was almost as big as himself, and you should have heard him growl whenever another dog came near him.

ADAMSON

That's very interesting - But there's something else I want to ask you - did you see any seal hunters Mrs Owen?

MRS OWEN

Yes - and very picturesque they were. They are dressed in white so that they cannot be seen against the snow and ice. A small square sail is put in the front of the skin-boat or kayak so that the seals will think it is a small iceberg. The hunter crouches behind the sail with a short harpoon to which a rope is fastened. At the end of the rope is a bladder that looks like a toy-balloon.

MRS OWEN The kayak floats toward an unsuspecting seal - the hunter flings his spear - the seal plunges down into the sea but the bladder floats on the surface and shows the spot where the seal may be found.

ADAMSON Not a bad scheme - but what comes next?

MRS OWEN The hunter drags the seal to shore - and now the excitement begins. The hunter's wife and the hunter's dog wait on the beach. The dogs crowd to the water's edge and watch the seal with hungry eyes. The Eskimo woman has her knives ready for skinning the seal. While all the neighborhood looks on she sets to work and her husband waves his long whip in the air.

ADAMSON A long whip - but what's the idea?

MRS OWEN A very good idea for while Mrs. Eskimo skins the seal and cuts it up, Mr. Eskimo cracks the whip to keep the dogs away and they certainly keep him busy. And here's a curious thing. The Eskimo woman always bends straight over from her waist when she works. She never stoops or kneels. One of the Danish women told me that when she first came to Greenland she felt so sorry for an Eskimo woman who doubled over in that awkward position to wash her clothes that she got a table for her ---- and what do you think happened?

ADAMSON Oh, I presume she was deeply grateful.

MRS OWEN On the contrary, she was annoyed. She pulled a chair close to the table, got up on it, bent over from the waist in Eskimo fashion until her head was almost in the tub, and continued her washing.

ADAMSON There must have been a good many curious experiences on that trip.

MRS OWEN Yes -- One that I remember particularly was the time our host needed ice for the cold drinks he was serving to his guests, and what do you think he did to supply the need?

ADAMSON I haven't the slightest idea.

MRS OWEN He got in his boat, rowed out to an iceberg and chopped off enough to use for the party.

ADAMSON That's what I call service. Greenland must be an odd place, a sort of wonderland.

MRS OWEN Yes it is and I can see that I will have trouble making my trip credible when I reach the "age of anecdoteage." However, before that time comes I will have even greater trouble to keep from going back there, for it is a place where Nature does things on a grand scale, and where the Danes have governed the country with tremendous sympathy and ability.

ADAMSON Well, Mrs. Owen! We were happy and proud to have you here this afternoon, and thank you for giving the Radio Explorers this most interesting talk.

(APPLAUSE)

ADAMSON And now, Captain Barker, the Club will be glad to know that next Sunday we go from Greenland's Icy Mountains to Africa's Gorillaland with Dr. Harry Raven of the American Museum of Natural History.

BARKER

Well I'm sure our many members will be on deck for it. You know it's a great thing too, to see the interest that young and old - from coast to coast, have taken in the American Bosch Radio Explorers Club. Just listen to this letter from Reynold Nitsch, Jr., 51 Myrtle Hill Park, Rochester, New York. "About a month ago," Raymond writes, "I sent for your membership pin, certificate and map, expecting it to be an ordinary membership, but my mind soon changed when they arrived. I was amazed! The bronze pin with the club's insignia is the envy of the neighborhood - and that applies double for the certificate. But the map. Say! It surpasses them all - embodying an altogether different idea in radio maps making it child's play to log stations. I wish you oceans of success and an increasing number of members for the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club." Well, that letter tells you better than I ever could, how valuable membership in the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club really is. If you have not already enrolled send in your application today and receive your club button, membership certificate and the radio map of the world listing the locations of over 800 important short wave stations. Ben Grauer, here, is waiting to tell you how easy it is to join.

ANNOUNCER

To join the American Bosch Radio Explorer's Club merely send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening to American Bosch, American B O S C H, Springfield, Massachusetts.

If you are not listening in on an American Bosch Round-The-World Radio make it a point to hear one tomorrow at your local dealers. See for yourself what fun it is to listen to foreign tongues and strange music. See how easily European, African, Mexican, South American stations - stations all over the world - roll in. See how Right-Angle Tuning - an exclusive American Bosch development featured in Models 460R and 480D makes it as comfortable for you to dial your radio whether you're standing up or sitting down. The gift of an American-Bosch Radio is going to make many a home happier this coming Christmas -- and for months and years to come. They're priced for every purse and purpose ... so look - and listen - at your dealer's. And speaking of Christmas, Captain Barker is going to play Santa Claus to our Club... for through him American Bosch is going to present an amazing gift to every member desiring it. An announcement of this free Christmas gift will be mailed in the next few days to every member of the club, and Captain Barker himself will tell you all about it on next Sunday's program.

ANNOUNCER (CONTINUES)

So if I were you - and you have not yet applied for membership, I would do so right away. Remember, to join the club, simply send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening to American Bosch Springfield, Massachusetts.

(SIGNATURE FADES IN)

ANNOUNCER The American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club meets here every Sunday afternoon. Next week: A visit to Gorilla-Land with Doctor Harry Raven of the American Museum of Natural History.
THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

RD KH HM

11 24 34